

halfpenny; yet, he who led the blind out of the way, took from the aged woman what little light her contrivance had assisted her with.

Now I think there needs no conjurer to tell what will become of *Jack Wildboy*, or any other boy who follows his example. *Mr. Crop*, therefore, declines giving his opinion in a case which is rendered so very plain and easy by his naughty life, but will presently set before them another case of a good boy, which though any one may be assured will end in happiness, yet none can tell how many pleasures and pastimes he will enjoy.

WHERE

*CROP the CONJURER.*

WHERE is there a little boy girl who loves bad apples or plum or four tarts? And yet all naughty children are like these; and therefore no one can love or respect them much less will they encourage them.

*Mr. Crop* will have nothing to say to any one who does not read his book without murmuring, and to school cheerfully; not want bread and butter to carry with him, or asking for halfpence to buy cakes, or marbles to play with by the way, a trick *Mr. Crop* knows many boys to be guilty of: Some too,